

P REES HILL. (53)



WHERE ever you go, City, Village, or Town,
You will find for some Beauty remarkably known;
Little P REES hath its Groves, its Meadows, and Rills,
But its principal Ornament long has been HILLS.
If the Gentry wou'd wish social Hours to spend,
With their own, with their King, and their Country's Friend,
No Writer that's *bired*, howe'er good his will,
Dares deny that they all join to meet at P REES HILL.
If rude Poverty's Blast does the Cottage alarm,
'Tis under *Prees Hills* they will find themselves Warm!
T' other Day, thro' the Village in Fancy I rang'd,
I thought that the Place look'd quite alter'd and chang'd:
The Reason demanded—they sighing did say,
Our Solace, our Comfort, our HILLS are away.
No more shall their Presence our Cottage adorn,
With a chearful Salute, and “How do you this Morn?”
Their Rank, and their Consequence, all laid aside,
Unchain'd by Example, unfetter'd by Pride.
Now boast you, proud SALOP, most surely you will,
You have added to others, our Ornament HILL:
May they Verdure for many a Season retain,
And happy, and healthy, their Offspring remain;
May the *Laurels* and *Roses* unitedly cheer
The HILLS, when grown White, at the Close of the Year!
May true Merit succeed and my Wishes fulfil,
To o'er-top th' *aspiring* and but *blooming* HILL!